How Soon Is Now? by blithesea, womenseemwicked

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Summary:

On Monday morning, Steve gets to school early and slips a note into Billy’s locker way before anyone can see him and comment on it. And then he only has to wait until third period, in which Billy has independent study, and which Steve will just ditch. The minutes have never crawled more slowly even during the most boring of lessons, in all his life.

How Soon Is Now?

Author's Note:

> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

When Saturday ends, Steve is fine. So fine. He doesn't miss Billy a bit. But by the time Sunday night rolls in, all couch-potatoing and *Starsky and Hutch* reruns, Steve is ready to concede that maybe he messed up and should apologise, even though he doesn't really know what for.

Roses. Should he get Billy roses? He's not really sure if those even work on girls, so it feels doubtful they'd work on a guy. Steve tries to think of a way to give Billy roses without actually letting the world know who they're from. Getting them delivered in class? Ha, Billy would hate that. Stuff them in his locker? Maybe, but a bunch of squished-up flowers probably isn't going to convey the message Steve is going for.

Which is basically, *I'm sorry, don't be mad, I miss you, I'll do anything you want.* Ugh.

No way he can write that shit down.

But maybe he doesn't have to. On Monday morning, Steve gets to school early and slips a note into Billy's locker before anyone can see him and comment on it. And then he only has to wait until third period, in which Billy has independent study, and which Steve will just ditch. The minutes have never crawled more slowly even during the most boring of lessons, in all his life.

--

Billy is still confused and fuming, if on a slightly lower level, by the time Monday rolls around. So when he finds the note in his locker before first period, unsigned but clearly in Steve's handwriting, his first thought is to ignore it. There's no apology, no wondering what went wrong, just:

Meet me

Locker rooms

3rd period

It takes a lot for him just to keep from doing something stupid then and there. Because what the *hell* does that mean? “Meet me?” It sounds like a cousin of the dreaded “we need to talk.” It sounds unapologetic. And while Billy isn’t completely sure it’s Steve who should be apologizing here, he *is* sure he doesn’t want to *talk* about it.

Billy feels a pit in his stomach through first and second period that’s impossible to shake. He ignores the lessons almost completely, mechanically taking notes he’ll glance over later and immediately throw away because they’re gibberish. He keeps going back and forth between wanting to go to Steve and wanting to ignore him.

But by the time the bell rings for the end of second, Billy knows he has to go. He waits until the rush of people going to their next classes has died down near the gym, and slips inside. Third period is Coach Fillmer’s lunch break, so the room is empty as he pushes through into the boys’ locker room, echoing with his footsteps.

--

Of course, the one time Steve intends to cut out of class early, someone tries to talk to him in the hallway, and he hates coming off as a dirtbag and brushing them off, but he can’t be late again for Billy, not this time.

When he gets to the locker room Billy is already there, but the bell is just ringing for the second time. He’s not *late*, not really, and okay, maybe he’s a little breathless because he ran the last bit.

“Hey,” he says, runs his hand through his hair, smiles. Because just seeing Billy alone is putting him in a good mood. A quick glance around confirms that they are. *Completely* alone. At least the openness of the room makes it pretty near impossible to overlook any stragglers.

Steve quickly crosses the distance between them and kisses Billy, like

he's been wanting to for days. It's hurried and brief and Billy is frowning, but it's still worth it. So absolutely worth it. Because before Steve's even able to pull back he feels Billy soften under him and start to kiss back hesitantly. And that feels so good, Steve can't help but press deeper into the kiss until Billy's whole body is relaxed against him and his mouth is almost turned up in a smile against Steve's.

"I'm sorry for ruining Saturday, babe," he rushes out breathlessly because, whoops, he meant to say that first. "I shouldn't have pushed, I just--" He trails his hands up Billy's arms and his chest restlessly, unable to get enough. God, he *hates* not being able to touch like this in public.

--

"Shut up and kiss me, Harrington." Billy is so glad that Steve's not mad at him, not fed up with his anger-issues bullshit and threatening to call this thing off, that his skin feels like it's on fire wherever Steve's touching him, and his head is sort of swimming.

Steve does as he's told and pulls Billy back into a desperate kiss, and Billy can't help but let out a quiet groan when Steve slips his tongue in between his lips. The raw hunger and energy of Steve, on him like he can't get enough - and in broad daylight for once - has Billy already feeling thicker in his pants.

"I--" he starts, feeling a little stupid, but what the hell. They've got the place to themselves, it's as good a time as fucking any. So Billy leans in and kisses Steve's lips, his jaw, his neck. Gets Steve's shirt untucked and slides his fingers up over Steve's hips, the feeling of his skin against Billy's fingers driving all thoughts out of his mind.

"I wore my *jean jacket* today," he suggests between kisses, loving how Steve responds to every one, "and you look… fuck… so good. I don't wanna wait anymore. I want you to fuck me, baby."

--

Wait, what? Jacket? Steve's eye go wide when he figures out what Billy is saying.

“You mean…” he starts, just to be completely *sure*, but there are Billy’s lips and he can’t not kiss them now, but his baffled smile can’t be wiped off his face even with the most dedicated smooch. “You mean, *here*? *Now*?”

Fuck, please let it be here and now.

He breaks the kiss, looks at Billy searchingly, a little concerned. “But there’s nothing to lie down on, or anything…”

--

Billy smirks and rolls their hips together with a satisfied groan.

“Well there *is*,” he disagrees, glancing over his shoulder to the benches that line the room in front of the lockers. “But I was thinking maybe you could,” he bites his bottom lip and presses their groins together pointedly, glancing over Steve’s shoulder. “You could fuck me against the wall,” he suggests.

--

Billy’s words go straight to Steve’s head like he just downed a couple of shots. Or maybe not his head… Or both, fuck it, he really can’t think straight anymore. All he knows that ever since Billy has said it, out loud, and started grinding against Steve in the hottest way imaginable, Steve has never wanted anything so badly as to fuck Billy against the wall. Or in any other way he wants.

“Wall,” he says breathlessly, feeling like he’s just run fucking laps. “Yeah, I could, I could do that I guess, uh, if you, if you’re sure--”

He goes for Billy’s fly then with trembling fingers.

--

Billy smiles into a long, deep kiss that works as an affirmative as Steve pulls his jeans open and a little down his legs. He’s back to no underwear today and Steve’s groan in his mouth when he notices makes it worth every discomfort. He digs in his jacket pocket past the cigarettes and brings out the condom and the single-use packet of lube, then pulls the jacket off completely and tosses it over one of the

benches behind him.

“Come ‘ere,” he says, glancing over his shoulder and giving Steve a tug towards the towel rod by the showers.

--

Steve lets Billy drag him along, and once they stop he flings his arms around Billy from behind, holding him tightly, kissing his neck, feeling giddy with the knowledge of what they’re about to do. He mouths the ghost of a love bite remaining from Friday on Billy’s neck, wants to make a new one, a thousand new ones all over Billy’s body just to show the world that they’re *fucking*.

Maybe they’re not fucking yet, but Steve can almost believe they already are, the way his own cock is straining against the fabric of his pants, the way Billy smiles and moans and looks over his shoulder at Steve like he wants to kill Steve dead with all of his sexiness.

“Gimme,” Steve mumbles, reaching for the little sachet of lube, and nearly drops it in his attempt to open it. Fuck, but the thing won’t give. Who came up with this crappy kind of packaging?

“Fuck,” he mutters, and the stupid lube is making him let go of Billy so he can use both hands. “Fuck, shit. A little help?”

--

Billy takes the sachet from him and carefully rips it with his teeth. The movement is so familiar that for a moment it feels like he’s back in a grimy club bathroom in California, but he turns a little and gestures for Steve to give him his hand. He presses out a little under half of the lube for Steve’s fingers and slicks them up. Then he reaches back and kisses him.

“Fuck me open, King Steve,” he mutters, pulling away from his lips.

--

Steve moans, and goes in for one more kiss, because, fuck. “Don’t say shit like that unless you want me to come right away,” he pleads, leaning his head against Billy’s for a second to catch his breath.

At least the next bit he's a little used to by now, running his slick fingers down the crack of Billy's ass, pushing one in slowly, gently at first, the angle is unfamiliar enough, and it takes him a moment to find what he's looking for. He smiles at the way Billy bucks against him when he does.

"Gonna make you feel so good, baby," he promises, one hand holding Billy's hip so he can move against it while pushing his finger in deep, as deep as it will go.

--

Billy shudders and leans further into the wall, clutching the towel rod with both hands.

"Fuck," he pants. "Don't take your time, Steve. Don't-- mmh I want you to *fuck* me," he points out. "Don't be gentle, just get me loose enough to take your cock." Billy groans and consciously tries to relax the rings of muscle around Steve's finger, but not all of them are under his control.

--

"Yeah, I'm gonna fuck you," Steve murmurs, shuddering at the way it feels to say it, even though he's said it quite often by now. It was never this close to actually *doing it*, though. He pushes in a second finger, and can feel Billy taking it well, though it feels tight as hell. Just the thought of that kind of tight heat around his cock makes him pause for a moment, and he has to catch his breath. He does NOT want to come too soon for this, they've waited so long, it's a fucking miracle this is actually happening, and Steve can't really quite believe it yet. Still waits for Billy to change his mind. For something to make them stop. Nothing does, though.

"Gonna fuck you just the way you want, baby," he mutters, leaning in closer for a moment to kiss Billy's neck, close his eyes. Should he try more fingers? Two doesn't really seem enough, compared to his dick. Billy makes an impatient move, and Steve just does it. Feels Billy's moan around his fingers, he could swear to that.

--

“Yeah, pretty boy, just like that,” Billy breathes, the stretch of his ass around those fingers a kind of pain that makes him feel so good, because he knows what’s coming next. “Mm yeah, okay, fuck, let me…”

He turns around a little, holding the wrapped condom carefully between his lips, and lets Steve slip his fingers out of him while he opens the other boy’s jeans and slips them down with his briefs, just to his thighs. His cock is already half hard, and Billy groans a little just seeing it. He leans in for a deep kiss, tears open the condom wrapper, and slips it on before slicking him up with the rest of the lube.

“You ready, baby?” he asks just a little tauntingly, rubbing his thumb over the head of Steve’s cock. “Ready for my ass?”

--

“God, you’re such a fucking tease,” Steve moans, though he knows Billy isn’t, really. He used to think Billy was all talk, but Billy has taught him the error of his ways, and now he knows that Billy means every word he says, has meant every word he’s ever said, the good and the bad bits.

He strokes himself once with the hand that’s already slick, spreading the lube a little more, a bit of a reassuring tug for himself, even though he’s not really nervous, but excited. To the point where he wants to just fucking go, already, and hell, there really is nothing holding him back. Billy has turned around again, is holding the towel rack tightly, and looking over his shoulder at Steve as if to dare him, just like they started. *I dare you to fuck me.*

Steve takes Billy by the hip with one hand, takes his cock in the other, and pushes in. Fuck. Has to close his eyes at the tight, tight fit. It’s like nothing he imagined, it’s a thousand times better.

--

“Ohh fuck,” Billy groans, pushing back into Steve’s hips, his legs feeling weak already because *fuck, that’s a stretch*. And it’s so so good. “Fuck, Harrington, yeahh. God, you’re *huge*.”

He's breathing hard, trying to keep his muscles from clenching around Steve's cock as he slides himself in slowly till he bottoms out and his balls are pressed up against Billy. He knew Steve was hung, but it's a whole different kind of knowing when all of that is pressed deep into your ass, and Billy's arms are breaking out in gooseflesh. He takes a moment to steady himself, to let his ass get used to the new stretch and pressure, and then he turns his face to glance at Steve, and nods.

"Go on," he says. "You can move, King Steve. You won't break me."

--

Yeah, only Steve doesn't know if he *can* move. He has to take a deep breath, it feels like Billy's ass is gripping him so tightly that moving is impossible. Holding Billy by the hips, he slowly pulls out, every inch feels like forever, and it turns out that moving is not impossible after all, it's just sweet torture.

"Oh god," Steve sighs, as he starts the slow, infinitely delicious push back in. "Oh god, baby, you feel so good, *fuck*--"

--

Billy's breath catches in his throat and he shivers at the feeling of Steve's cock dragging in and out of him slowly.

"Jesus Christ," he groans. "Jesus fucking Christ." He leans back into Steve's chest and puts a hand around the back of his head and kisses him, breathy moans escaping him every once in a while as Steve moves inside him.

--

Steve stops moving for a moment to kiss Billy properly, his cock buried deep inside Billy's sweet, sweet ass. Billy is breathing hard like he's been working out, whines against Steve's lips, and alright, yeah, he gets it, Billy wants him to move. *In a second.*

"Fuck, baby, you're so hot," he mutters against the side of Billy's neck, pulls out just a little, pushes back in, rolls his hips a bit. "If I'd known it would be like this…"

--

Billy turns his face away again and arches his back with a growl. Grinds his ass against Steve desperately until he finds the spot, and then shudders.

“Mm shut up and fuck me, Harrington,” he growls, part of his back now almost parallel with the floor as he spreads himself out for Steve completely. “Fuck me like you’ve been waiting to for weeks.”

--

Fuck, but the way Billy shifts suddenly makes moving different, like he can go *deeper*. Steve holds Billy’s hips, plants his feet. Snaps back into place, hard, and Billy’s groan at that is better than anything he’s ever heard.

“Fuck,” he moans, “fucking hell, Bill,” because shutting up is just not on the table, Billy can take it or leave it.

And oh, how he takes it.

--

Billy clutches the towel rod with white knuckles and throws his head back, eyes fluttering closed as Steve fucks into him.

“Yeah,” he pants. “Come on, King Steve, give it to me.”

--

Steve still hates that title, but even more than that he hates that he loves how Billy says it, like he’s getting off on it, just on the fact that whatever dubious status he once had at this school isn’t a long gone memory, that for Billy he’s still up there, a fucking pedestal to take and dirty up. If King Steve is the one who gets to fuck Billy, make him moan and arch and gasp and shudder like that, Steve will never renounce the title again.

There’s nothing left to hold him back anymore. Steve bites his lips, concentrates on fucking Billy hard, snaps his hips, it’s so raw and fast, it’s not going to last.

--

“Fuck. Steve, mm it’s so good. You’re so fucking thick, baby, oh fuck.”

Steve feels so good deep inside him, stretching his ass and pounding into his prostate with his thrusts, and Billy’s cock is standing tall, leaking just a little onto his parted thighs and the floor, almost without having been touched at all. Billy groans and shoves a hand down between his legs to give his cock a squeeze and a pull.

--

“Billy,” Steve moans helplessly, he can feel Billy isn’t quite there yet, but he’s getting too close far too fast now, it’s all so much more than he thought it would be, so much tighter and hotter and grittier, and, fuck.

“Baby, not gonna last,” he groans, fucking Billy harder, his rhythm getting erratic, and it’s so hard, so hard to keep hold of even a bit of control, when all he wants is to to come.

--

Billy groans and nods, and lets himself be pounded into the wall as he tries to keep up with his hand on his dick.

“Yeah,” he pants, relishing the filthy, echoing slap of skin on skin. “Come for me, baby. Come in my ass. Fuck.”

--

And Steve comes almost right after Billy says the magic words, he can’t stop himself, just a few more thrusts and he can feel the wave of his orgasm crash down over him. Just standing up is suddenly a downright chore, and he slumps a bit over Billy’s back, breathing heavily, wishing he could kiss him. He kisses the curve of Billy’s neck instead, pushes the shirt collar out of the way to taste the salt on Billy’s nape, licks the chain of his pendant, his *two* pendants.

“Mmmmh,” he smiles. “Fucking hell.”

--

Billy feels it when Steve comes, hips stuttering against him and hands clinging to him tight, and though it's hot, it doesn't push him over the edge. He's still a little while away from that and when Steve pulls out of him he groans.

He loosens the hand around his dick and moves faster, now just wanting to get off.

--

Though his mind is still a bit fuzzy around the edges, Steve registers the frantic movement of Billy's wrist, and it niggles at his conscience. He didn't make Billy come, he completely forgot about that side of it. That's not how he wants this to end, Billy just getting himself off.

"Hey," he says softly, still a little out of breath. "C'mere, let me--"

He gets rid of the condom quickly and reaches for Billy to turn him around, laughs a breathy "ouch" when Billy's elbow catches him in the side. Then he pushes Billy's hand away from his cock without further ado and kneels.

--

"Steve?" Billy gasps a little disbelievingly, as Steve drops to the floor between his legs, and Billy threads fingers through his hair just to be able to touch him. "Mm you look so good like this."

--

"You look good any which way," Steve smiles, and, okay, his flirting has seen better moments, but he is still recovering from coming rather spectacularly. He deserves points for trying.

He gives Billy's cock a couple of nice, tight strokes, a welcome of sorts, and then leans in and sucks him down, as hard and as deep as he can. He knows what he likes, knows what doesn't work, knows to mind his teeth, and though the position is new and a bit terrifying, with Billy looking down at him like that, it's much easier than the angle he was at when he first tried this on Friday.

--

“Fuck.” Billy’s head falls back a little, but he doesn’t close his eyes. Instead keeps them focused on Steve’s lips around his cock, his eyes closed and brow furrowed in concentration. “Mm I’m almost there, baby, keep goin’,” Billy breathes, “fuck, you look so good.”

--

“Mhhh,” Steve moans around Billy’s cock, because he knows that feels good. And he can feel that Billy likes it, he is gripping Steve’s hair just a bit tighter. Every time he goes down he moans like he wants more, can’t get enough of Billy’s cock, and maybe it’s true.

“Baby,” Billy moans above him, “Oh yeah, fuck, like that, I’m gonna--”

He pulls on Steve’s hair, maybe to give Steve a chance to get out of the way, but Steve ignores it. Instead he gives Billy’s balls a fond squeeze and it doesn’t take much after that before Billy comes in his mouth. Steve sucks it down, swallows without thinking too much about it. There probably haven’t been any pineapples on his menu lately.

--

Billy’s orgasm leaves him spent and speechless and weak, ready to collapse and take the rest of the goddamn day off. As his softening cock falls from Steve’s lips, he pulls him up, panting, and presses their mouths together and holds him close by the curve of his still bare ass. Their tongues tangle together and he tastes himself on Steve’s breath as their flaccid cocks press gently into each other, making them both hiss with overstimulation.

--

Steve sighs, melts into Billy’s mouth, and very much wishes he could take a nap now. Fucking school. He takes Billy’s hand and pulls him over to one of the benches to sit, his legs are as weak like he’s just played a whole hour of basketball.

“Fuck,” he says admiringly, because really, what else is there to say?

--

Billy glances at the bench warily as he pulls his jeans up over his ass and buttons them with a careful hand. After a moment he sort of crouches onto the bench beside Steve, left hand first taking most of his weight so as to lessen the burden on his ass. He sits a little wonky, a little sideways, but he manages it with only a mild grimace before he glances up at Steve with a smile.

“You don’t say,” he agrees.

--

“Can we do that every day?” Steve asks hopefully. Who really cares if he never goes back to his third period class ever again? Like anyone would notice whether or not he knows math.

He takes Billy’s hand to his mouth to kiss it, and then notices that Billy is sitting kinda funny. “Hey,” he says with a frown. “You ok?”

--

Billy breathes a laugh and shakes his head a little, bringing their hands to his lips to kiss Steve’s fingers, still wet with lube and a little musky.

“I’m fine, baby,” he says. “Just a bit…” he gestures vaguely with their hands, “fucked. I’ll be good in a couple hours, a day maybe.” He grimaces shamefully. “It’s been a while.”

--

Steve frowns. “Did I-- was it ok?” Christ, he had gotten carried away at the end, fucking Billy so hard, and Billy hadn’t even *come*. Shit, he is such an idiot. He should have paid more attention!

--

Billy pulls Steve in for a proper kiss, smiling into it a little like the fool Steve Harrington’s made him.

“You did good,” he reassures between kisses. He pulls away just a

little and fixes Steve's collar as he speaks. "You did better than a good amount of the seasoned queens I've fucked, you're just… getting the hang of it." He presses another quick kiss into Steve's frowning lips. "You'll do even better next time, though, Harrington, you're smart."

--

Biting his lips, Steve frowns. So it *wasn't* good. Billy is just humoring him now, calling him smart? He knows that's not true, and he knows Billy thinks the opposite, has heard him say so, several times. *Grade A idiot.*

"So, *next time*," he says, and, okay. There is *that.* "Let's pretend for a moment, and I know that's not gonna be easy, but let's pretend I'm not that smart."

He tries to grin like he's made a joke.

"What should I do different?"

--

Billy glances up at the clock on the wall. Fifteen minutes left before the bell will ring and they'll have to be long gone. He puts a hand on Steve's bicep and a hand on his chin, and brings his eyes up to meet him.

"You did good," he restates firmly. "You got all the important parts down. It didn't hurt, you felt fucking amazing, and the way you… I dunno, just your… intensity… the way you fuck, Harrington, it makes me want you more than staring at your ass in the showers ever made me think I could."

He leans in for another kiss, this one longer, deeper, and holds Steve's arm firmly, touching its curves reverently.

"I'll tell you one thing," he mutters against Steve's soft lips. "If you fuck this good in less than ideal circumstances, I can't wait to see what you can do to me when we're naked, with a proper amount of lube and nowhere to be after."

--

Billy's kisses always help soothe Steve's mind, and so does his voice, especially now, the way it's low and relaxed and almost tender. He feels a little better, a little more like he hasn't fucked it up. Like the first time he ever fucked a girl, years ago, when he'd put the condom on the wrong way.

He sighs and pulls up his pants, the air uncomfortable on his still damp cock. "But we're definitely gonna be doing this a lot now, right?" he asks, bumping his shoulder against Billy's. "In a bed, in the car, well, both cars, in the pool, on the couch…"

--

Billy grins and kisses him again, toothily.

"Whenever we can," he agrees, and gets to his feet with a hiss. He turns back to Steve and threads a hand through the unstyled hair at the nape of his neck. "Long as we stay discreet," he reminds him. "Nobody knows. Right?"

--

"No," Steve shakes his head earnestly. Shit, he's forgotten about the secrecy part. The fucking made him forget it. For a little while there it was just like they were just, just normal, sneaking kisses at school when they were supposed to study. Well, more than kisses, but still. He huffs an unhappy sigh. Leans into Billy's touch.

"I promised," he repeats, and damn, but that has effectively taken the air out of the balloon he's been floating on for the last few minutes.

"But you better stay away then. I don't know if I can just not jump your bones the minute I see your face in school." He tries to make it sound like a joke.

--

Billy smirks.

"You're talking like I don't know how that feels. But you can manage

it, Harrington. You better." He offers Steve a hand to pull him up and nods toward the clock on the wall. "Speaking of which, the world calls. We gotta get out of here before coach comes back from his break. It stinks of sex in here."

--

"Alright." Steve smiles at the thought that they did *that*, here. He knows he's going to think of it every time he looks at that towel rack. He stands up, but he's not done yet, can't face the world waiting outside already, he needs just a little moment longer. Billy is making himself presentable (or whatever counts as presentable for him), pushing his shirt into his jeans, and Steve just has to throw his arms around him again, hug him tightly from behind, his nose in Billy's hair and his completely done-for cock bumping Billy's ass. The world can't have Billy just yet.

"Are we doing something this weekend?"

--

Billy huffs a little in annoyance, but presses into the arms around him comfortably for a moment before swatting them away to continue straightening himself up.

"Got something in mind, pretty boy?" he asks. "You gonna take me out?" and though it sounds like a dare or a taunt, the idea sends a little thrill through his limbs.

--

"It's my turn, isn't it? Wine you and dine you, and shower you with roses?" Steve smiles at the raised eyebrow this earns him. He hasn't really thought it through yet, but he doesn't want to go back to class now, not without knowing when they can be together again without having to pretend they hate each other's guts.

"How about Friday?" He shrugs. "I guess you couldn't get your old man to let you stay away overnight, huh?"

--

Billy's eyes widen.

"Overnight, huh? I hope you've got somewhere in mind besides the back seat of your car, because I don't think I'd make a pretty frozen corpse."

--

"Maybe I do," Steve says cautiously, "but it's not really worth it if we have to go back home for the night."

He smiles. "But I'm not gonna tell you. I'd want it to be a surprise. If you can get away."

Billy looks like he's going to object, but his protest is cut off by the bell signalling the end of third period.

"Fuck," Steve mutters, and quickly presses a kiss to Billy's lip. "Not *yet*."

--

"We gotta get out of here baby. Separately." Billy kisses him back for only a second before he's shoving Steve toward the door. "Go, I'll see you around."

--

Steve lets out a frustrated groan, but obeys. Billy is right, he knows Billy is right. If only he wasn't always right.

"Call me," he mouths over his shoulder before leaving, a pleased spring in his step.

--

Billy rolls his eyes, but he's smiling a little. He rolls his hips a little, experimentally, and groans. Today is definitely gonna be one of *those* days, then. Great.

He grabs his jacket from the bench and gives his hair one last fix in the mirror before pushing the locker room door open and heading

out toward US Government, conscious of his walk as he tries and nearly succeeds in making the tension in his muscles unnoticeable. He makes a note to pack two things of lube when he restocks the trusty jacket next. King Steve's scepter is nothing to be trifled with.

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)